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SSIONS VERSUS MILITARISM

RICHARD TAYLOR STEVENSON

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Missions Versus Militarism

By

RICHARD TAYLOR STEVENSON

Ohio Wesleyan University

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TO

BISHOP J. W. BASHFORD

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INTRODUCTION

TEN years ago the title "Missionary Interpretation of History" proved sufficiently fascinating to warrant a booklet for its development. The fact that it was welcomed by many approved the venture.

None then dreamed that in less than a decade the European world would be reeling under the intoxication of such a war as staggers the most riotous imagination. Many have been led to suspect that the only fitting title for all time, past, present and to come, is "The Military Interpretation of History," and that what we had thought was soon to be only a bad record of the past is now to prove a frightful and ever-present reality—record and prediction and fulfillment.

Introduction

As the year 1915 gives place to its successor, it is with pity, heart-sickness, disgust, and rising abhorrence that we are tempted to believe that the old prophecy of the coming transformation of sword and spear into pruning hook and plowshare is but a delusion.

Is it so?

I

RIVAL IMPERIALISMS

Two age-long imperialisms are to-day challenging each other for right of way. It may be that the title should be "Peace and War" until the end of the world. If not, how shall we justify the main title?

As this century came to its being, both forces were at climax. Never before were there so many Bibles, never so many bullets.

Can they both coexist? Will it be a drawn battle? If the former is to win, how long will it take? Such questions are stirring in human hearts.

So far as the present season offers solution for the inquiry, there is little doubt that the poet sings truly:

And man, at war with man, hears not
The love song which they bring;
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing.

Have poets been all the while merely vaporing? And are Christian folk facing the gigantic alternative, either the Man on the Cross or the Man on Horseback? What a world quandary confronts us!

One need not read far back into history to realize that murderous strife has controlled too untenderly, aye, too savagely, the thought, the valor, the blood, the wealth of mankind to make it worth while to offer any freshly satisfying words upon what increasing millions of men have been praying might soon become an obsolete *verb,* its only tense a past one in human speech.

Of the two master forces war has had larger possession for longer time of the imagination of man. Missions arrived comparatively late upon the scene. The slogan

of the newcomer, "Peace upon earth," was so unfamiliar that the few who gave it welcome at first faced multiplied discouragements before they were able to recruit their numbers with those who believed that it could be worked out in human history. The program was so foreign to that with which men had rendered men familiar—the vile ambitions, the disgusting brutalities, the mocking miseries, battle agony, prison despair, and cruel slavery—that timid antimilitarists have needed all possible encouragement to enable them to make good their humane creed.

The distress of the Christian Church is pitiful to behold. The abnormal, so diabolically unique, jostles the mind to strange predictions. Some new form of fear or some fresh grip of faith accompanies each unusual disturbance in human society. The awful upheaval of 1914-1916—and how much further on none can say—has had its

effect upon biblical exegesis. Some have found it comparatively easy to forecast the winding up of the existing dispensation.

A spectacular, rather than an orderly disposition of causes is soon to take place. Paper and pencil are at work in figuring the year of the coming of our Lord. The awful tumult of the hour suggests to some who profess faith in the Redeemer a method for closing up the affairs of the Kingdom, a method strangely similar to the iron mode of earthly rulers, in which dreadnaughts and furor and intrenched hosts are a prerequisite for the Final Day. Christianity is to wind to its close in a sorry effort to copy Cæsarism. The last thing that Jesus Christ sought to achieve now becomes the final word of prophecy, and history ends with a bitter reversal of the leavenlike prowess of the first centuries.

As if this were not a bitter satire upon Christianity, some claim that civilization is

hastening to its collapse. A forbidding eclipse, it is said, draws near. Because cathedral walls are crumbling under exploding shells, and ancient edifices which cannot be replaced, upon which art has lavished its every resource and religion its sanctifying customs, are in ruins, shortsighted judgment has commingled in bad perspective the failure of art and the folly of faith. Forsooth because under the inspiration of art and of worship walls and colored windows and high towers sprang skyward in beauty, which now lie low in dishonored ashes, it is reasoned that neither the mere image in stone nor the more enduring life of love which gave art its glory can hope for longer power among men. Has it come to this? And is a thunder-storm to deprive men of their sanity?

Nevertheless, the outlook is dolorous enough to cause alarm and profound disquiet. Such a calamity has never over-

whelmed in so short a time whole peoples. We are tempted to ask, What is the alternative? Are we nearing the last lap of the maelstrom of history, drifting toward a violent end, or are we to emerge with confused minds from the horrid accompaniments of the present strife with all its embittered political and industrial and moral conditions? If the former, it is nothing less than folly to urge the cause of missions upon a bewildered and despairing Church. If the latter, it may be possible for us to link up the policy of the Church, which refuses to surrender its beneficent program, with more than its ancient fervor even in the midst of the present confusion, and go forward into the fairer day for which devout souls make constant prayer. Why may we not venture to prophesy, even though our eyes are veiled to the immediate to-morrow?

Something has been said of a powder cart as a unique carrier for the gospel. This

is not to justify militarism, but to illustrate the fact that Scripture is wiser than men in its averment that "God makes the wrath of man to praise him." Either we understand war, from abundant experience or from study of its nature in the past, and can suffer no permanent disturbance of our faith in the inevitableness of *The Kingdom* despite the latest exhibitions of war's unspeakable ravages, or we stand face to face with a new and mysterious show of demonic power, Anno Domini, 1916, and so far do we forget our ancient mastery of sin's antagonisms that we are about to confess for the first time in all history that the Church is unequal to the task of supplanting the kingdom of brute force with the *Kingdom of Grace.* Is it so?

What is there that is insoluble in the plans, ambitions, and grand strategy, which lend their accumulated dread to the struggle under which the Old World is writhing?

We answer: Certainly in its *scale* it outruns all previous strife; in the summons to every conceivable device for mastering the foe it has had no fellow; the sky, the field, the depths of the sea witness to the devilish versatility with which militarism deploys its most recent recruits. These stamp a peculiar character upon the war. Yet in *spirit* it exhibits nothing new. Aside from the superlative distresses which defy the descriptive word; aside from the hidden results of a political character which wait upon the conclusion of strife, and the murderous quality of the new science which men once thought was for peace, but now is seen exercising its fathomless impartiality under the orders of great captains, the war is all of a sort with every war of former days. The swath of death is wider; the scale of horrors is more extended; the sums of money have already mounted beyond mental grasp; the years of recovery chal-

lenge even dimmest hopes; but the ratios will not surpass many of the conflicts under which nations and races have fought and blasphemed and suffered and lost in the past.

The importance of the subject cannot have a full survey. Not to mention such scourges as Attila or Timour, turn the light upon one of the humane fighters of history —Cæsar. For his day Julius Cæsar was notably considerate of his foes. Yet in the conquest of Gaul a million inhabitants were killed, and another million were enslavened; in all, one fourth of the population fell under the heavy hand of the conqueror. Cromwell in Ireland and Wellington in Spain ordered or allowed their soldiers to do such butchery and loot and outrage as shame the historian to recite. Worse than these, in the Thirty Years' War, almost incredible disaster and shameful atrocities make up the long record. In this, the

most pitiless of all conflicts under which Germany ever groaned, she lost four fifths of her population. German writers have said that in certain sections of the land over which Tilly and Wallenstein trod with cruelest heels, it took two hundred years for recovery.

Does anyone believe that it will take even one fourth of that time for Europe to rise up from her present desolation? This is not to intimate for a moment that reasonable excuse can be found for the unspeakable calamity of this hour. The point of the argument is simply to show in what respect the present differs from the past, and wherein a truer perspective of history and a fuller faith in God will urge mankind on to such a consummation as cannot be won, ought not to be won, by violence, but is at the call of moral leverage and appeal.

In our extremity let faith take lessons from the calm prophecy of the great leader

of the Church in the fourth century. When Italy was in an ague of fear under the tread of the Barbarian hosts from the North, and the entire rim of the Mediterranean quivered with terror, Saint Augustine rebuked the fears of those who beheld in the tumbling walls of the Roman world the utter collapse of the whole Christian edifice, and gave to the thinking ages his immortal "City of God," the overmastering asset of all the future, no matter what should befall the "City of Seven Hills" on the Tiber.

To the vision of Saint Augustine we may add words from a scholar of France, Professor Seignobos, who remarked, when speaking of startling changes in history, that we should not be alarmed by what is unusual: "Humanity has passed through great transformations without perishing. The history of civilization should teach us to have confidence in the future." Brave words, O son of France.

Of the two, Missions and Militarism, it is clear that the latter has made up to date the greater noise on earth, and men have become accustomed to its clangor and fierce power. It has earned hard names, and the harder the older it has grown. Known so long, it has been measured and titled in all its wrath. From Shakespeare to Sherman men have invoked the worst names with which to call it to mind. The poet speaks out in Henry VI, "O war! thou son of hell." And the soldier in pithier condensation says, "War is hell!" Despite this characterization, men have glorified war almost beyond belief, not merely in ancient times and among ferocious leaders, but in modern times and among some of the gentlest of men, at least when they are stripped of their uniforms.

Is it to Rome we turn? "Arms and the Man" start the old epic. Is it to the Psalms wherein one might hope to find

the supreme statement among the Jews of a gentler creed and softer manners? Yet the same verse rings with the praise of God and the rattle of the sword: "Let the high praises of God be in their mouth, and a two-edged sword in their hand—to execute vengeance upon the heathen." The volume closes with tumults and terrors of war.

Our latest hymnal does not lack the inspiration of the warrior spirit, and the saints under orders from the Nazarene go singing through the ages well known as "Soldiers of Christ."

It has required several millenniums for men to rise to the level of James Russell Lowell:

> Ez for war, I call it murder,—
> Ther you have it plain and flat:
> I don't want to go no furder
> Than my Testyment for that.

Yet the apologists for war as a factor in the slow evolution of history are not few,

and there is much to be said—for its usefulness in days far gone by.

The main credits for war come down to us from prehistoric and pagan ages. Nor is it disputed that even in Christian centuries some good has been achieved.

In that "golden little book," as William James styled Walter Bagehot's Physics and Politics, the brilliant author recites the steps of civilization from earliest to latest times under the heads of "Preliminary Age," "Use of Conflict," "Nation Making," and "The Age of Discussion." Present events in Europe substantiate the conclusion of Bagehot—that the most conspicuous fact, perhaps the most showy, is the progress of the military art. He sums up his conclusions thus: "Taken as a whole, and allowing for possible exceptions, the aggregate fighting power of mankind has grown immensely, and has been growing continuously since we knew anything about it."

Two ameliorating attendants deserve notice. First: "The military vices, too, of civilization seem to decline just as its military strength augments. . . . War both needs and generates certain virtues; not the highest, but what may be called the preliminary virtues, as valor, veracity, the spirit of obedience, the habit of discipline." Second: In his comment upon Cromwell's saying, "Trust in God and keep your powder dry," Bagehot significantly adds: "The trust was of as much use as the powder, if not more; that high concentration of steady feeling makes men dare everything and do anything. The mistake of military ethics is to exaggerate the conceptions of discipline, and so to present the moral force of the will in a barer form than it ever ought to take; military morals can direct the ax to cut down the trees, but it knows nothing of the quiet force by which the forest grows."

That war is not wholly destructive has been maintained with much force of argument, and its constructive part in civilization has been set forth even if facts and logic have to strain their credit in making the claim. That it secures mental expansion; that it opens men's eyes to other men's worth; that nations have gained new ideas; that new arts and new humanities, and even new religions, have accompanied war down the ages may be fairly claimed. But to urge that "even when Rome went down under the men from the North, its values were saved; nothing of value that existed in Rome was lost; it all reappeared in the history of new kingdoms and wider regions"—this is to forget that what men have garbed in the guise of blessing was too often a curse. In attempting to show war a good, it has been overdone, ridiculously overdone. Ask the antiquarian delving in Mesopotamia, the banks of the Nile, the hills back

from the Tiber. He will speak another tale as he unearths some costly "find." Literatures take their share in the collapse which wars have brought. That soldiers have been boors as well as preservers of the best is shown from what the Roman general Mummius ordered after he captured Corinth. He forwarded paintings and statues to Rome for his triumph with the order that any lost on the way should be replaced by "others of equal value."

However, to be fair, we must confess that boors are not the only leaders in war. Heroism, lofty patriotism, simple piety, have shared in a thousand stricken fields, and if not with intention, have involuntarily glorified war.

Scholars with modern ideas of values in civilization confess that even religion owes something to war. Professors J. M. Powis Smith and A. C. McGiffert in their contributions to the American Journal of Theol-

ogy in 1915, recognize the fact that to the ancient Hebrew Jehovah was his masterful military leader. Both prophet and soldier cooperated in holy enthusiasm. Jehovah functioned as a war-god. When in later epochs of Jewish history he fights no more it is because there is no one left to oppose him.

The late Professor Cramb, in his last book, held that no great advance in either politics or religion had been made in the history of Europe apart from war. This is to take the extreme position of defense of war. It does not follow that what was a mighty adjunct to widening intelligence and national loyalty in past millenniums is evermore to abide as a necessity and evermore to continue the inevitable major note of history. It could not have been expected that the early Christians, environed by militant peoples, would have swept from their path either the doctrine or the practice of

militarism. The average Christian sentiment favored war or succumbed to it. A few exceptions pointed the way to a more benign future. Tertullian and Origen and Cyprian were file leaders in the attempt to teach the true doctrine of a peaceful society, the latter anticipating Lowell in calling war "murder."

So slowly did their softer views prevail—if they can be said ever to have prevailed—that the only alleviation of distresses that the Church of the Middle Ages could secure was the famous "Truce of God," wherewith for a few days to quiet the wrath of private conflicts. In the coming of Protestantism we see the great leaders, Luther and Calvin, in agreement with Saint Augustine, who eleven centuries earlier had encouraged Count Boniface, governor of North Africa, to defend with arms the cause of Christianity against the Barbarians, yet showing mercy and not malice to captives. The

heroic Swiss reformer Zwingli died on a battlefield. However, the notion of a gentler form of war, if not its abolishment, has been making itself at home in the minds of men with the writings of Erasmus and Grotius and the Quakers. It is with gratitude we point to the work of the Red Cross heroes and heroines. Yet with all the increasing softnesses of war for which we now and then acknowledge obligation to the chaplain, the surgeon, the nurse, how may we hope to right ourselves before Him who made the great surrender to teach the mad world what humanity is able to accomplish through love?

Mayhap the utmost that we can hope to accomplish is to tame the huge beast with whose rougher might they were more familiar. What if we can do away with it—a far worthier endeavor? Cutting claws of tigers is difficult if not dangerous. Hard work is ahead.

II

IS WAR TO BE ABOLISHED?

No more severe task has ever been set for man than the abolition of war. Will it ever be achieved? God knows.

It is something to point to small gains in the way of the softening of the spirit of the soldier. It may be that war is a bit more humane than when pagan Persian fought pagan Greek, or when Saladin measured swords with Richard the Lion-Hearted. But the evolution of an angel of mercy from the begrimed soldier in the trenches of Europe is apparently a problem for the ages.

Just as we are cheering our hearts with the program of peace which rulers and people have laid upon the tables of diplomacy for discussion, a rude awakening calls us to doubt the efficacy of the Christmas

clarion, and to suspect that if missions are to continue their blessed employ, it will have to be in company with militarism rather than after having captured both fortress and spirit of the age-long master of arms.

If the two are to march down the future together, each one preserving its peculiar character, the one given to strife, the other settling quarrels, we shall have to accommodate our hopes to a lower level of victory instead of that of an unqualified triumph over sin and wrong and selfish ambition. Is this the future? And is there no qualification, no modification of the manhood we are trying to regenerate?

One may answer: "This is no worse than what the simple-minded first Christians faced as they started out to win the world. They differed from us in this, that they had a promise back of them, while we have nearly two thousand years of magnificent achievement back of us."

What is our outlook?

At the time when our sky lightened with a happier and wholesome use of the moving forces of history, and our leaders were saying that, granted certain conditions, we might have the gospel preached the world around to all men in a bare decade or two, lo, the sky fell apart and the falsity of our dreams smote us in the face. The following is a sample of the dreams some were dreaming: Professor J. H. Robinson was discussing just before the war broke out, "Influences Favoring Universal Peace," and in his analysis of the problem placed emphasis upon the dreadful burdens of the standing armies, and of the cost of the new machinery of war. He rested his argument for peace upon the fact of the peace-making tendencies springing out of such calm-disturbing statistics. Yet how dismal a disappointment we have suffered!

The goal toward which we were drawing

with our Hague conferences, and our peace treaties, and our various internationalisms, eludes our grasp. The program for the reduction of armaments, which was so urgently demanded by some, was suddenly wrapped in clouds. Our former calculations, hopes and prayers were the veriest soothing syrup upon the tongue of a crying child. The Hague Conference showed the Powers in agreement to recognize the right of any nation to offer its services to countries at war with one another for the purpose of mediation. Indeed! And when did the soft hand of appeal ever put forth its tender palm to be more harshly stung in the murk and treachery of black strife?

A few years ago some scholars cast their glances far into the dim future and disturbed us with their matter-of-fact statements of unending wrath; they took it as a matter of course; they eyed the coming storm and said it was inevitable. Not this

particular cataclysm now sweeping over Europe, but the incurable warring spirit of man. In his Western Civilization Kidd told us some years ago that the era in which we have been living for the period we call the long stretch from Greece to the present age was not yet rounded out, and that in it we should see the same principles of history at work which have been operating in the past. It is to all outward appearance the same changing conflict of peoples; the same rise and fall of nationalities; and ever, beneath the surface of all the events of history, the same rule of force as in the past. Some did not accept his word, and distrusted his prevision. But so far as now appears he was correct.

About the same time Professor C. H. Pearson wrote his rather pessimistic National Life and Character, and to the optimistic thinker his somber forecast was unacceptable. For instance, he affirmed that

"even if a general reduction of armaments were agreed to, it is doubtful if it would much alter the equilibrium among the great powers of Europe. It seems, therefore, as if the utility of armies was to endure." And again: "It has been a part of the argument of these pages to show that the maintenance of large armies easily mobilized is as much a necessity now as it has been in past times. . . . Universal conscription will have become the rule, and military education up to a certain point, will be a part of the stock-in-trade with which every citizen is equipped when he enters life." Pearson sums it up thus: "It seems not unreasonable to suppose that a warlike spirit is as inseparable from human nature as the love of money or the sexual impulse, and that like these it may have its uses, though its excess is lamentable."

That such words were written about the time that the brilliant phrasemaking pessi-

mist Nietzsche was spending his last years in an insane asylum is significant enough to set us thinking anew. Continuous war and the Superman are of like color in the strange and forbidding tapestry of ancient weaving. Were men never to sunder them? What a chill grips the heart of the believer as he reads Nietzsche's characterization of our Faith!—"The great European narcotic of Christianity"—and this he ties up with the present order of things, and accounts for the hope of the serf, the dream of the democrat, the slow achievements of the man at the bottom, all of them by their dependence upon what is offered by the religion of Jesus. "After all, what is this that 'HE' extends to man? Mere contemptible consideration for the inferior, mere lack of assertion in the natural superior. Softness is ruin for all abiding progress, the progress in which, while God may be the ruler in the creeds of the churches, in practice there is

no God, for the hoarse whisper shrills through the heavens: 'Be hard, O my brethren, for we are emancipated. The world belongs to us. We are the strongest. And if men do not give us these things, we take them. It is the materialistic interpretation of history.'"

We turn with disgust from such a Moloch altar in the interpretation of history. It may be that men will say, "It has neither logic nor heart in it." Possibly. Yet theory cannot be very far from practice when we read in Bernhardi's pages his vision of a nation's "Superman." We can but acknowledge that in his sky "the red planet Mars" is the sole illuminant of the path which millions are now treading and shall be driven to press with obedient but unfeeling heel on the way to triumph. Practically, the Superman theory is still at work in the world confounding the sympathies and balking the prayers of the "meek," to whom is com-

mitted the final sovereignty of the earth, by Him who gives history its real meaning and goal.

What a dreary prospect for the antimilitarists! Many who have concerned themselves for the results of the war now raging where it was at home in the days of Xerxes, have been prophesying that the war will end in the destruction of "militarism." But against this is the word uttered of late by a great Spanish scientist, Ramon y Cajal, for when he was pressed for his judgment upon the outcome of the vast conflict, he said that neither side would win a complete victory; but that the loser would immediately begin preparations for vengeance. This is to say that the bad war will pour its poison into the veins of a worse war. The goal must be universal conscription.

Logically, this means we are on the road to the suicide of humanity, unless by some mighty exercise of love in His disciples the

Man on the Cross shall be able to prove the victor.

Or, else, the best that war leaves us, is that it cannot entirely eliminate heroes.

May we not lighten our eyes with some bright rays from the very fields of blood themselves? For if we cannot, if our brothers who seek the death of one another are not exhibiting some qualities of humanity, some tenderness, some desire, when not under the commands of their superiors, to help as well as to hurt their fellows, we may as well give up all argument and all prayers, and all hope of the millennium. Yet what a place to go to for signs of gentleness and brotherly interest! Not a few illustrations of what we are seeking have come to us, and should be graven in deepest memory. On Christmas Day, 1914, at the request of the pope, hostilities ceased on the right wing of the opposing armies in France. The soldiers became so friendly that the next day

it was found necessary to move the troops, as the men did not wish to fire at each other.

A story of even more intimate character has reached us from the front. A German soldier with his arm shot off and his remaining arm minus its fingers, was asked how he managed to get away without bleeding to death. He replied that his life was saved by a Frenchman, who had been shot through his body, and who, though dying, took off the necktie he was wearing, and bound it around the wrist of the German, at the same time telling him to put on his coat as he, the Frenchman, would not be in need of it longer, and that some one would probably carry him, the German, off the field in time to save his life; the dying hero saying, with failing breath, that there would be no war in heaven. The German added: "If I go to heaven, that Frenchman is the first man I want to meet."

A French officer after a fight in the

trenches noticed a German boy, probably fifteen years old, turning over and over near the French trench. He had evidently been left for dead and had lain there all night. Lifting him up in his arms, the officer carried him across to the opposing line. A German officer received the lad, took off his own iron cross and placed it upon the neck of the boy's savior, and told him to go back in safety.

Another feature must not escape us. We are saying all that is possible for war. Death is not so terrible as if it were rare. George Meredith not long before his death bewailed "the degeneracy of the modern Englishmen on the ground that he was growing afraid of death and wounds." In the light of this word, assuming it to be a true word, what matters it if the choicest youth of England, France, Germany, and Russia take Death by the hand as if he were an old friend? What men have been

doing by day and by night unheralded in the awful trenches of Flanders and Poland, each fresh recruit declares himself ready, even anxious to attempt anew.

There is a contagion of courage as well as of disease. Faith catches fire from faith as well as fear from fear. The average man finds himself unable to resist the torrent of valor, and self-denial, and self-sacrifice. Finally it is discovered that to fight the flood is harder than to float with it. "Tributaries of quiet and indolent lives unite themselves gradually into an irresistible torrent of heroism." This renewal of passionate faith in one's country and flag is sure to blaze with shining attractiveness in the Church when its deepening spirituality shall expend itself in a nobler vision and resistless efforts to secure men as volunteers for the Great Captain. It is possible that the desperation of war may be able to teach the Church the glory of a forgotten heroism.

What war can do in its summons for transforming drudges into daredevils the clarion of the cross ought to be qualified to do, in that it crowds to the front men and women whose souls burn with the passion for victory, not that of wounds and suffering and death, but rather the victory of peace and good will and loving-kindness. If only the vision of the army of the Great Captain catches the imagination of the Church, with HIS vast and constructive program for humanizing mankind, all will go well enough.

For the present the two mightiest forces on earth will contend, each with its appropriate armaments, for the triumphs for which it was originated.

Is it not possible to evoke out of the dark clouds of the war some cheer and heroic spirit for the cause of missions? A deeper probing into the existing evils which accompany war will stir faith to a wider

horizon and inflame the soul to sterner struggle, all in the name of Christ Jesus. Has the Church been losing its grip and shirking the challenge of the heroic? The call of the missionary is a high one. Let the Church cast about for rebuttal of the fling that she is no more the heroic institution she once was, and she will find it in the foreign field. And now that even missions in certain quarters may have been catching the infection of the "easy way," they will take advantage of the present opportunity to increase devotion and to show to the world that the "far-flung battle line" of Christianity shall never suffer contraction.

Does one think it odd that the missionary should be moved to renewed heroism by the heroism of the soldier. Both are men, and are alike moved by human fevers. The one is aroused by noble scorn of peril on the firing line. The other is quickened to action

by divine fire. Both are agreed in defying death. Exile, destitution, death among strange peoples, the martyr's epitaph, the heavy strain upon faith, long years of unrewarded toil—these and more fill up the measure of lives which illustrate the love, the courage, the boundless consecration of the missionary. While the soldier is making his expensive contributions to the deliverance of this age from the fear of hardship and horrors, it is possible for the missionary to fire his torch afresh at sight of what patriots are doing the world around. It may well be reckoned an astounding anomaly, yet history repeats the story, that of two men in utterly unlike duties, each making gain from the other's valor. Peace makes out of the lesson of war which is death unto death the everlasting lesson of life unto life. The lesson is not new. Yet it has never been so impressively urged upon the soldiers of the cross as now.

III

THE ROLE OF THE PROPHET

Let us take our share in the chance of mistaken predictions. We must, for we are but men. The immediate future may yield its secrets to us, but we are blind to the long age ahead, save in a general fashion. In its progress Christianity has been recording certain phenomena and also predicting them. Not only saints, but soldiers and statesmen have claimed to be able to divine coming days. But events have too often given the lie to prophecy.

Napoleon announced that Europe would soon become Cossack, and that Wellington would establish himself as despot in England because he was too powerful to remain a subject. Burke said that France would

shortly be divided like Poland. Lord Selburne declared that if independence were granted to the United States, "the sun of England will set, and her glory will be forever eclipsed."

On the other hand, men not statesmen have joined the ranks of the prophets and made rational predictions. Tocqueville, thirty years before the Civil War in the United States, said that the South would attempt secession. Heine affirmed that France had more to fear from a free and United Germany than the Holy Alliance and all Cossacks united.

It is needless to recite in any fullness words of good or of bad prophets. For even those who would persuade us that they see the most distant horizon confess their ignorance of the paths thitherward. As for bad prophets, they have no sure knowledge either of the end or the path.

How painfully and slowly we creep on

to our goal is felt in each return of disappointment after happy dreams. For instance, in his World the Subject of Redemption, which Canon Fremantle delivered in the Bampton course of lectures at Oxford in 1883, the distinguished speaker took in vision the widening powers of the universal Church as set forth in sketch at least by means of diplomacy, which he declared to be the rudiments of the vast organization moving on to universalism in the days to come, thereby bridging the gaps between nations. This vision has been severely assaulted. National jealousy, dynastic ambition, military efficiency, commercial successes, show small regard for the ideals of noncombatants. Fremantle looked forward to the nearby day when arbitration as demanded by the Paris and Berlin treaties should always take place before resort is had to war. Then, too, he adds, that the democratic tendency of modern so-

cieties must make the causes of war progressively fewer, and the burden of conscription which keeps nations armed to the teeth must cause peoples in whose hands is the power to shrink from the hard military regime, so that some method may be devised by which an international tribunal shall put an end to the present international anarchy. No doubt a bright prospect. Not long after came the Hague Conference. With what result? To name it is to confess a shameful outcome.

What timid voices are these by which men seek to arrest and then to direct the new day, or even to suggest the dominant forces which shall determine its character! As if to approve this sentiment, let me quote further from Fremantle: "The two great objects of the universal Church are, as has been pointed out, first, to insure peace and bind together the European family of nations, and, secondly, to act by a missionary

impulse upon the weaker nations, beginning with those now held under the power of the Turks." His next sentence evokes a bitter groan of almost cynical surprise as the reader lifts his eyes from the page of futile prophecy and gazes upon the crimson of the thousand-mile battle line of Europe: "In the first of these two departments we may expect that France and Germany should lead the way, in the second our own country." What a comment upon bright human hopes!

Others, perhaps more profound students of economic forces, speak to us. In his famous Future of War the youthful peddler of Warsaw, later the graduate of a German university, then the leading banker of the Polish capital, Jean de Bloch, making his appeal solely to the business activities of men, not to the instincts of humanity, in his tremendous arraignment not only of war, but also of the "armed peace" under which

Europe was groaning, argues most convincingly of what?

How effectively he proved that such a "peace" was the height of stupidity! How he proved that costly artillery and cavalry were becoming a thing of the past! How well he reckoned with the future, and how ill, let the trenches of France and Poland, of which he did not dream, and the flying terrors overhead, which two brothers of Dayton, Ohio, were soon to loose into the invisible mists of the sky, and the more awful submarine, another gift of America to the world—three new instruments of war —reveal to mankind.

A bit later the brilliant Italian, Ferrero, in his Militarism, analyzes the indications of what he called the "decadent militarism" in Europe. Germany he calls a less "bellicose" nation than France. The independent bourgeoise of England and Germany is stronger, and hence checks the tendency to militarism,

which check is lacking in France and Italy. In discussing the new phase tending to peace after the war between France and Germany in 1870, Ferrero says that Napoleonism was dead; that Europe was enjoying an equilibrium which would not be disturbed and would improve in the course of time. "Though Europe may never have been so heavily armed as it has been since 1870, desire and opportunity to make use of these weapons have never been so reduced. Now arms are the body of militarism, while the desire to resort to them is its soul."

Ferrero closes his volume thus: "At the present moment the Christian world has before it, if its wisdom is not less than its fortune, a long respite of peace." "Its wisdom"? Is this all that our time lacks?

And men still make predictions while the future draws away from them. Among the latest is one by the great pacifist, Dr. David Starr Jordan, of California, in a contribu-

tion to the Scientific Monthly. Would that he knew the day after to-morrow! He brings a new indictment against militarism by tracing the history of national debts, showing that they are virtually all war debts. "If it were not for war, no nation on earth need ever have borrowed a dollar." Before the present war began, the nations of Europe were already up to their ears in debt, due to the cost of "preparedness." This total national bonded indebtedness would equal $30,000,000,000, nearly three times all the gold and silver in the world. He quotes the secretary of the Liverpool Stock Exchange, who estimates that the cash cost of the present war up to August 1, 1915, was not less than $17,000,000,000, while the losses will push the grand total up to $46,000,000,000, which would pay all the national world debts at the time the war broke out.

Yet this does not halt the mad rush. Is

war, then, a perennial necessity? So it has been said. Treitzschke emphasized the perennial character of war. He but echoed thinkers before him, like Hegel, who declared that there is no power to arbitrate between states; hence the necessity of appeal to arms. This is to say that no progress has been made since the days of Dante, who dreamed the coming of a universal empire.

However, as it has been made clear that universal empire seems impossible, and even impending war makes order impossible, another alternative is urgently called for. Six hundred years ago the ex-soldier turned missionary, Raymond Lull, achieved the crown of martyrdom when stoned to death in Africa. The glowing enthusiasm with which knights and commoners, children even, had swarmed to the East against the Moslem power in order to recover the holy sepulcher by means of the sword has given an imperishable title to an era of history—

the crusades. But Lull, with a more profound faith in the missionary school than in the arms of the crusaders, sought the countenance of the pope, and expressed his confidence in another weapon, another form of drill, another motive: "I see many knights going to the Holy Land in the expectation of conquering by force of arms, but instead of accomplishing their object they are in the end all swept off themselves. Therefore it is my belief that the conquest of the Holy Land should be attempted in no other way than as Thou [Christ] and Thy apostles undertook to accomplish it—by love, by prayer, by tears, and the offering up of our own lives."

IV

MISSIONS, THE ONLY ALTERNATIVE

In the thick of the struggle we get light. Mr. A. B. Farquhar, when visiting in Constantinople and trying to get out of the war zone, had a highly interesting conversation with the American ambassador, Mr. Morgenthau, while sailing on the Bosphorus in his longboat. The ambassador said that Jesus had been the greatest influence for good of any character who had ever lived, and agreed with his guest that the only possible means of doing away with war was to follow his teachings. Entirely natural is the query: Then, if Jesus has been in the world for two millenniums, so omnipotent and beneficent an energy through his followers, why are we now so hard bestead, so helpless, so puzzled?

Robert E. Speer holds the rudder in firm grip when he says: "We allow ourselves to be too easily intimidated by the noise of contemporary history. . . . We refuse to be browbeaten by the cry that 'the world is falling apart.'" He shows that no single new principle is disclosed in this strife. "Not a single claim of Christ has been jostled. Christianity has not failed. It has not even been tried." J. R. Mott adds his convictions touching the faith of the student body of America in 1915: "No preceding academic year has been ushered in with such responsiveness to the requirements of Christ." He names the unparalleled triumphs of Christ in the difficult student fields of the Far East during the opening months of conflict, when the shocking appeal to war found the whole Christian world was endeavoring to right itself.

That temporary misfortune has attended some sections of the field of missions can-

not be doubted, yet the wonder is that more damage has not resulted from the carnage and wreck of contending armies. To refer to concrete instances. Of all mission fields we should be led to expect the pessimistic note in any account given by a German of the work under the control of Germans. Yet the outlook is not entirely one of gloom. Losses and gains offset one another. German missions have suffered various fortunes in German and non-German colonies. Some have been seriously injured, others generally spared. Indeed, in China and Japan they have been unmolested, and even enjoy civil protection, while on the Gold Coast they are allowed to work in practical freedom.

Next to the German, the French missions have suffered most from the war, principally through the extension of mobilization even to the mission priests. Many missions have been banished from Turkey. Proportion-

ally the English and American missions, which with diminishing exceptions are Protestant, have felt least the reaction of the world war. Dr. Schmidlin calls attention to a significant possibility in the readjustment of missionary affairs, at least during the continuance of the war, namely, from a national point of view to the advantage of the Anglo-Saxon missions; from a confessional, to the advantage of Protestantism.

Nevertheless, it is not to be doubted that the common testing has been purifying Christianity, and turning it to that which is everlasting, and thus to its missionary task. He finds in the mission fields some of the fruits of true brotherly spirit even while the war rages; for while in some quarters complaints have arisen from the usurpation by Catholics of the places occupied by Protestants, and of the places formerly held by Catholics now occupied by Protestants—all of which is in opposition to missionary com-

ity—"yet here and there, however, inter-confessional help, and especially a common need, has brought Catholic and Protestant congregations together, not merely in material defense and assistance, but in a community of spiritual devotions and interests against the common foe. . . . Surmounting all barriers of dogma and church polity, men have learned to love and cherish one another—yes, even to recognize that, in spite of all that separates us, there is also much that binds us together. May this lesson of the war be taken to heart, and may it inaugurate a new era when in Christian thought and feeling men may the better bear with and understand one another."

The Lutheran Year Book states that out of a total of 2,300 German missionaries not more than 500 are now (December, 1915) at work on their fields, and some depend for food and shelter upon American missionary societies other than Lutheran.

In Japan, the first year of the late evangelistic campaign reached its close at a notable banquet given on April 13, 1915, by the Tokyo Committee, at which over two hundred and fifty high officials and prominent citizens were present. Count Okuma was the principal guest and said: "For social reform in its various branches modern Japan is particularly indebted to the joint efforts of foreign missions and Japanese Christians. Above all, the eternal woman problem has been solved satisfactorily, once for all, after Indian philosophy and Chinese ethics had struggled in vain for three hundred years to find a right place in society for woman." In the face of this commanding tribute from the great Japanese statesman, how futile are all the clumsy complaints of selfish men who have gone to the Orient only that they might exploit the yellow and brown races!

We must remind ourselves that Japan

gave cold welcome to its first Protestant missionary in 1859, and now it has 857 organized churches with a membership of 102,000. For some years after the arrival of missionaries the Bible was a prohibited book; to-day the best seller in Japan is the Bible.

Nor has war checked the holy tide in Korea. The first convert was baptized in 1886. The ingathering up to the present year shows no sign of diminishing. One of the six missions in Korea, in which there was not a Christian a few years ago, has now over 100,000 members, and for thirteen years the average net increase has been thirty-eight per cent.

The Revolution in China gives rank to the year of 1911 equal to that of 1688 in England, or that of 1776 in America, or that of 1789 in France. Whatever be the final outcome of the double dealing of Yuan Shi-Kai, whether it be republic or monarchy, in the field of religion there will be freedom, and

its index finger will steadily continue to point to a day for which the fathers prayed, yet without faith sufficient to grasp the conspicuous triumph of this pregnant era.

It was a most striking prophecy in which Professor Reinsch, now the United States minister to China, pictured a few years ago the dawn of a new day: "If a careful consideration of the powers engaged in the Chinese struggle, their policies and tendencies, is of the greatest necessity, it is not less a study of the most absorbing interest, for a drama is about to be enacted the like of which the world has never seen. It dwarfs the conquests of Alexander. Compared with this titanic contest the exploits of Napoleon seem a passing diversion, and previous meetings between Orient and Occident seem the merest skirmishes."

China lifts its hoary head among the world powers with confidence that its future will add not shame but honor to its age-

long history. The contempt with which the scholars and rulers of the great empire scanned the coming of the Christian Church is giving way to the distinction with which the government has of late shown sympathetic interest in the program of the foreigner with his new evangel. No one who has heard the story of China as Bishop J. W. Bashford has told it in public, and much more so, no one who has been privileged to hear his intimate and almost confidential account of the latest movings of the free spirit in this largest homogeneous population of the globe, in which matters social, religious, and political are puzzlingly intermingled, can ever shake himself loose from the conviction that the use of the figure, geometrical ratio, is too slender a statement of the progress and prospects of this quarter of the world.

At the risk of overemphasis, attention must be turned to India and its "mass move-

ment." The surprise with which we heard the news of vast populations coming for baptism and admission into membership in the Church a while ago gains upon itself with every new statement of the bewildering facts. In the ten years in which the last census has been taken the growth of Protestantism has outrun that of the Roman Catholics. The Baptists have leaped from 217,000 to 332,000 and are now slightly less than the Anglicans. The Congregationalists, the Presbyterians, the Methodists have made astounding progress. If anyone is disposed to claim that the Christian Church is not holding its own when compared with the population or the native faiths, let him consider the following, taken from the census: during the decade population increased 6.4 per cent; the Hindus, 5 per cent; Mohammedans, 6 per cent; Buddhists, 13 per cent; Christians, 33 per cent; in the Punjab the Christian increase was 446 per cent.

Mass Movements have been not unknown heretofore. In South India various uplifts of a wholesale sort occurred among the Roman Catholic and Danish missions. In the forties among the Anglicans, and in the fifties among the Gossner missions; and in the seventies among the Telugus of South India under the direction of the Baptists great evangelical upheavals swept vast populations into the Kingdom. About 1890 the stirrings of religion among the Sweepers and Chamars in the United Provinces of North India, beginning among the Methodists spread to the Punjab and caught the Presbyterians in its momentum, then going to the South and East reached the Karens in Burma under the American Baptists.

This mass movement in India is the very finger of God pointing out the path of duty to the American churches. John R. Mott's words are a flaming text upon the first page of the first issue of the magazine put out

in behalf of this glorious emergency in which millions are facing the cross of Christ: "The vast continent of Asia with its multitudinous population is in the midst of stupendous changes—changes political, educational, economic, social, and religious. The situation thus presented to the Christian Church is unprecedented in opportunity, in danger, and in urgency. This is the greatest single fact to be pressed upon the mind and conscience and will of Christendom."

When converts began to knock for admission to the Church, not as individuals, nor as families, but in groups, and within certain lower caste lines, even some Christians were skeptical. But that did not stop the wave. Beyond the circle of the converts now stand hundreds and thousands and tens of thousands of "inquirers." The Era of June, 1915, a periodical given especially to this movement, says: "Within the past twelve months, with our available means in

men and money, we have instructed and baptized just about 40,000 of these earnest seekers after Christ. But a recent letter of inquiry addressed to our district superintendents reveals the tremendously startling fact that in addition to those taught and baptized in the Christian faith, there still stand at the doors of the Methodist Episcopal Church over 150,000 inquirers, against whom the doors are shut for lack of trained workers."

"Waiting lists" are a most meaningful sign of power in mission fields; at once proof of deep hunger on the part of the peoples who yearn for the truth and of zeal on the part of the Church which strains nerve and taxes wisdom to meet the future of this growing spiritual famine. In Africa, at Elat, on the equatorial west Coast, is a flourishing Presbyterian mission church with a waiting list of 15,000. To get into the Church is not an easy matter. It re-

quires in this unknown place a probation of at least two years with weekly instruction. The African convert is required to do three things: he must give up his fetish, he must settle his *palavers;* cease his immorality, give up his superfluous wives, and pay his debts; and two years before he is received into the Church he must take a package of envelopes and become a weekly contributor. The homeland has no such discipline for its membership; probably ought not to establish it, for it would fail of its purpose. But in Elat it works. It does not drive away converts. In 1914 there were 7,500 persons who confessed Christ, and 5,000 of them were led to faith in him by native workers.

If any have to say that the vast majority of such gains from idolatry and superstition are taken from the lower classes of heathen populations, he is well answered both from the masses of the peoples of the

Roman empire at the start, and from a proper conception of the population question, for this is at the bottom of world movements—in the economic, in the commercial, in the educational, as well as in the religious world. A visitor to India toured the northwest and studied the whole problem. Instead of ridiculing the vast ingatherings of the poor, he said: "I believe that you in the mass movement in India have begun at the right place. *Undermine and you will get the whole hill.*"

This is it in a word: In the thick of the fight, the fiercest of time, this note sounds on and on and on, that of all the forces which have ever striven for permanence and sought for supremacy, none other has so moving, so potent an energy with which to offset the destructive ability of war as the cause of missions. If it has seemed in the process of statement that we have said, in short, "The more war, the more missions,"

the great underlying fact remains, that the firmer faith in the ultimate supremacy of *missions* over that of *militarism* must command the mind and heart of the Christian Church.

The older form of imperialism, the soldier's conception and proud dream, so long efficient on earth, in which in regular order we behold the rude pike, the javelin, the long spear, the short sword, the battle-ax, the gun, the cannon playing their parts from Marathon to the Marne, these will not forever champion the cause of progress. A younger army with less of noise and spectacle and frightfulness is surely coming to the front. All his preparedness is for peace. What to the unbelieving were fruitless expansion and vain toil are to him proofs of growing ability to organize society in terms of humanity and the interest of a mighty brotherhood.

Both war and missions are emphasizing

the value of the *common man.* This is inevitable. In this they have cooperation from the industrial world, perhaps the most influential realm from which to seek or receive aid. The school furnishes its share of information and inspiration. Commerce spreads the news of his increasing worth to the farthest shores. Whether the major note in the coming interpretation of history is to be militaristic or missionary, he, the average man, will have to be reckoned with. He is slowly rising to his own.

The power which inspires Christian missions is not dead even in the midst of strife. The "hate" which burned in the most notable poetic production among all the combatants at the outbreak of the war seems to have had its moderation in the semiapology of the author, and in the sermon of Pastor Lahusan in the leading pulpit of Berlin, made famous by Schleiermacher. In this sermon, which ran to fifty thousand copies

in the first edition, Dr. Lahusan voices the religious reaction against hatred of England, and says: "We can only win if God is on our side. Hatred looks like something strange and powerful; in reality it is not strength but a weakness. . . . We regard our enemies only as human creatures, flesh of our flesh and bone of our bone, as children of the Father, as those for whom Christ died as he did for us." So out of the mouth of the lion honey is extracted. If religion can thus express the deeper undercurrent of brotherhood in the midst of wrathful contention, how much more will the love of God find supreme expression on the part of those commissioned to reach to the ends of the earth with their evangel in times of quiet. One must feel that in the midst of murderous hate the love that proclaims no barrier of race, or tongue, or creed, or flag holds the secret of ultimate victory when unembarrassed by war.

V

CRISIS FOR AMERICA

America stands now in a crisis in which all her wisdom, patriotism, capacity for reform, democratic instincts, inventive ability, new obligations with neighbors for trade, for education, for evangelization—in sum, all the vast complex by which the world has come to distinguish her from Europe—must be emphasized afresh, not to enmesh her in quarrels foreign to her life and consistent future, but to give her that eminence which now as never before belongs to her, the Hope of the World. Let her free herself from every form of selfishness, private, public, political, which may interfere with her greatest usefulness while the Old World painfully emerges from an awful sickness,

and turns in her ache to some source of relief.

Now the high test of her vaunted Democracy is finally set before her in the shape of *efficiency*. Old World ideals of rule challenge her fond hopes of teaching their duties to all men, on the ground that a few men in secret council can determine a nation's destiny better than when men come to know and value their governmental duties in representative capacity. This is the day of the supreme trial of our political creed. If we are found wanting in business methods, in caring for the common worker; if the lack of any more public land, and the heterogeneous qualities of our ill-governed cities are laying too sore a burden upon our ability to think the way out; if we stand convicted before men as at once the richest and the most wasteful people on the globe, and shall be compelled to choose between better government and less of share in rule

offered to the millions, what then is our future? Is the only alternative a return to the Old World ideal of monarchic control along with efficiency, or the development of the American ideal of freedom along with waste—and *must* we choose? Is Democracy, with its ramshackle methods, able to stand examination before the ideal of efficiency, or are there values cousin to freedom and not tied up with a controlling efficiency which we can afford to cling to? In a word, what shall be the commanding, the dominant note in our further progress?

One says: "War has taught us the profoundest meaning of perfect efficiency, its utmost reaches, no matter which side in Europe wins out. Let us learn that much of the lesson. So far safe we shall be." What this will mean for America, what brighter day, what unknown load with which to march down into an unfree future, was set forth at the Lake Mohonk Conference in

1915 by President Hibben, of Princeton: "What is militarism? It is the madness of a nation. Militarism is not created by the army, but the nature and scope of the army is determined by the policy of the nation. Militarism is essentially a theory of the state. Where militarism exists the government is a part of the army, instead of the army being a part of the government. With militarism the idea of war dominates even the pursuits of peace; war becomes a public policy for the expansion of the country's territory and the development of its resources. Militarism is the internal control of the whole machinery of government in times of peace as well as in times of war. It means a military caste and all the pomp and circumstance of insolent power which thinks imperially and prosecutes the policies of an aggressive world domination. Its ethic is the maxim that the end justifies the means; its religion is the idea of a tribal

God of battles whose favor is propitiated by the blood of its sons, sacrificed on the high altar of a national glory and fame; its inspiration, the love of conquest, the greed of power, and the passion of hate." Pass the word along, preserve the American ideal, at home, abroad.

Missionary leaders in China tell us that what they feared has not come to pass—a serious loss of prestige in the ranks of our workers and in the faith in Christianity because of the dreadful enmities in the Western world among professed followers of Christ. The Chinese reason correctly that what is now being enacted is due not to the presence, but the absence of a ruling Christian spirit among Europeans. Thus our ideal is safe among our foreign workers.

The question still faces us. Is our ideal safe on home ground? Is the traditional America as a peaceful nation likely to suffer

from the overwhelming pressure which every day seems to increase from our involuntary as well as our voluntary participation in the Old World diplomacy, commerce, military methods, and general international confusion? It looks as if we are losing, and what Lord Morley called "the wreck of the ideals of my generation" had fallen to us in this cataclysm of horrors. Losses of money and of lives are not comparable to losses of ideals of faith in what lifts a nation up, and of loyalty to those ideals. Why should not our lawmakers and official leaders bend their energies to the solution of the question of a peaceful increase of the efficiency of a democratic state and continue to have faith in the peculiarity of our type of governmental control, rather than to succumb to the seduction of militarism? Why turn eye and step backward?

With all its weaknesses, its failures, its rawness, its narrowness, America is still the

giant exponent of an experiment in government "of, by, and for the people." We have welcomed dreamers, have harbored intriguers, have bred heroes, have offered heartsease for the oppressed and opportunity for genius. Titles are not free, but religion is. For the world's good or ill we must be reckoned with. What we think of war, of peace, of human brotherhood, it is worth while for the rest of mankind to discover.

Have we any secret cure for so terrible a plague as now stalks through Europe from the Meuse to the Golden Horn? If so, in God's name let it be known. Christmas ships, and private deputations, and philanthropic millions are eminently characteristic of our mingling of good will and benevolent energy. But we must look more earnestly and with more self-sacrificing sincerity to the significance of our claim to be the great democratic republic of all time. We have trait, and charm, and might. Our petition

should be now for more courage and wisdom. A merely obvious program of armed peace is surely not what is demanded of us, just as other great nations, sinking deep in each other's blood, are weakening their grip upon the affection of their own masses as well as upon the confidence of the rest of mankind. Now is not the time for the United States to trail after the final stages of militarism; but, rather, it is the hour for us to strike such a note of hope and wisdom as that men under all skies will turn to us for real leadership. The Future is dark enough. Let us not make it darker.

The times when men were "food for powder," and the state was simply an expression of the ambitions and fortunes of the chief, are certainly, though very slowly, passing away. This old phase has almost disappeared, giving way to the second phase in the evolution of society, namely, one in which the lower orders of men have been

entering into their share of respect, and in which the dignity of labor has become a positive asset. Not the least of the gains of labor is its stubborn inquiry as to its right of immunity from war.

The first stage, the military one, has, especially within the last two centuries, been surrendering to the second stage, the industrial one. It is not that the first has passed away; far from it; nor has the second yet supplanted the first, for they overlap. Both "the sacredness of property and the divinity of kings" are in the field. Yet what Carlyle called the "brass collar day," the day when the king was fixed at the top and the serf fixed at the bottom—this epoch melts away gradually before the new light and heat of our times.

What sociologists name the humanitarian age is about to supplant the second age, as that age made its gains upon the first age. When neither the power of the first shall

override the man at the bottom nor the wealth of the second shall seduce him, then may we have hope of the full blessing of the third stage now vigorously rising to a high place of power.

We are the more hopeful of the coming of that good day when we contemplate the connection between the new spirit among men and the abiding emphasis of the missionary upon the value of man as man. This is the crowning reenforcement of the original vision of "one blood" and one gospel seen most strikingly in the tremendous turning of the low-caste people of India to the hearty invitation of the Church.

If we are to find a cure for the tendency in philosophy and imperialism, in social and commercial life, to serve in the interests of aristocracy rather than in those of democracy, we shall have to look elsewhere than to the ambitions of rulers, the competitions of princes of trade, or the vague dreams of

philosophers. For a century past the visions of Lincoln, and Marx, and Livingstone, and Mazzini, if we may class men together who are strangely dissimilar, have been withstood by the programs of Renan, and Schopenhauer, and Comte, and Nietzsche. To these latter the day ahead is to have the stamp of aristocratic illiberalism. The destiny of the race is not to be found in the happiness of the multitude, but in the dominance of the elite. So many assert.

Even in the land of liberty, under whose sheltering roof-tree Jefferson held that "all men are created equal," men set forth upon the quest of such a type of government as would draw all men to it from sheer love of freedom, though often mistaken in their conception of what that might mean, even here we have witnessed something like "political fatalism," a mental attitude which is the outgrowth of the fascination of historic evolution. Men have been bitten by

the poison tooth of the notion that the United States was drawn into Oriental politics as if by destiny, and assumed vast responsibilities for which it was not prepared and for which many contended she had not been born. They claim that this indicates that the doctrine that all men are created equal has been overstated and overexalted. This we must watch.

In Pan-Americanism we offer to the whole world an idea and a force for peace whose influence the multitude scarcely measures. Honorable John Barrett, at the late Mohonk Conference, declared that, in his estimation, "the most remarkable fact affecting the western hemisphere which has been developed by the European war is the impetus which it has given to practical Pan-Americanism." He is seconded in this view by Dr. Näon, who spoke in the spring of 1915 at Harrisburg of American solidarity as a powerful example for peace to the rest

of the world: "The bearing of America cannot but be expectant and reconstructive, if, as I believe, there is still reason to trust the idea of human solidarity as the final end of social evolution." It may be that the end is not so far off as many contend if the rest of the world shall come to see with the eyes of two great nations of South America, Argentina and Chile, who have made out of molten cannon the towering statue of the Christ and set it on the summit of the Andes, determined in the future to settle their differences after his fashion, pledging themselves by the inscription at the base: "Sooner shall these mountains crumble to dust than shall Argentina and Chile go to war."

It is worth more than a passing reflection to note the new place which America has of late years been gaining as a great peacemaker among the nations of the world, since we drew down our flag from Cuba in

1912, after giving her release from middle-age mismanagement; and since we withdrew from the soil of China our soldiers after the internal upheaval of 1900 and gave back to her a part of the share which fell to the United States for the losses incident to the insurrection.

Yet since our factories have been supplying Europeans with war munitions we are in danger of losing the good name of neutral which was once our boast. How easily the high place in the world's imagination towards which we were mounting may be lost none can say, but it is not a matter of congratulation that when we wore a worthy title, we should so soon exchange it for the meaner one of "mighty money-getter." With our white fields of cotton, our prairies yellow with wheat and corn, our resources in valuable metals, almost the despair of statistics, we stand forth among the peoples of the world able to voice the new note

of world peace, shaming the barbarous code with which the hard-breathing armies of Europe seem only of late to have emerged from the ages of stone and blood.

The good opinion of the United States is not to be cast aside; none of the contestants cares to appear as the cause of the mighty conflict, and in turn all of them endeavor to put the blame upon other shoulders. What we think of them matters in the moral universe. We become a sort of challenger of conduct, a court of conscience. The consequence of this is that we dare not assume a false attitude and must make a highly sincere effort to prove ourselves worthy of such distinction.

It is worth while to call attention to a remarkable pamphlet first issued in the Atlantic Monthly by G. Lowes Dickinson, an Englishman, entitled War and the Way Out. With intense sincerity he deals with the causes of strife. He contends that if

the proper conception of the whole case is grasped, and the proper spirit is used by the people most concerned, the way out will not be so difficult to find, though it may not be found immediately upon the close of the war. Patience and fair mind will obtain what nothing else can hope for.

This, like all other wars for many centuries in Europe, was brought about by governments, without the connivance and against the desires and the interests of the people. What he calls the "governmental theory" is the dominating influence in politics and should shoulder the responsibilities for international strife. According to this, states are natural enemies; their politics are controlled, their destinies are directed by rulers, ministers, diplomatists, and military advisers, supported by journalists and publicists. The common people, who bear heavy burdens and endure intolerable hardships and suffer death in greatest

numbers, have little to say either for war or its ending in treaty.

The illusion that one nation cannot expand in trade and colonial holdings without injuring another nation is severely punctured. No time is spent in condemning the past. All good men are urged to help to mold the future. This cannot be done "unless the plain men and women, workers with their hands and workers with their brains, in England and in Germany and in all countries, get together and say to the people who have led them into this catastrophe, and who will lead them into such again and again: 'No more! No more! And never again. . . . You shall not make the peace as you have made the war. The Europe that shall come out of this war shall be our Europe. And it shall be one in which another European war shall be never possible.' "

The scheme proposed for securing this

end is not chimerical—only given time for the ideas to get to work in men's minds. Let there be no thought of humiliating one another; let nations have their rights of choice of flag; let not reluctant peoples be compelled to adopt a foreign culture; let international authority, save for what has to do with internal police, have control of the unneeded armaments; let disputes be settled by proper international judicial process. "A League of Europe is not Utopia. It is sound business." "Militarism must be destroyed, not only in Germany but everywhere."

One other sentence in this brave plan for world peace deserves quotation. Against technical and economic reasons for suppressing private armament firms it is said that "they are outweighed by the fact now sufficiently proved, that the private firms deliberately foment differences between nations in order to get orders for their goods.

An activity so monstrous ought to be destroyed, root and branch, at all and every cost."

With such appeals of reason and conscience laid at our doors, the one great nation free from hurtful complications with nations at war, with every rational conviction that the contestants will be too battered for any immediate assault upon our shores, what do we but engage in the cultivation of the idea of war, and war is first an idea; then in pushing swiftly our plans for "preparedness," which is only "armed peace"; and, not satisfied with furnishing Europeans with hundreds of millions of munitions of war, we are set upon the continuance of the manufacture of munitions for our own use. In a word, we are planning to turn Bridgeport, Connecticut; Norfolk, Virginia; and Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, into the Essens of America. God forbid! To have been compelled to gaze upon awful conflict sickens

the soul; to have been bitten by the tooth of poison of militarism is a thousandfold more deplorable.

With the Spirit of Missions calling us "Forward!" how dare we in complacent indifference or feverish ambition lend our ears to the Spirit of Militarism? This cry is "Backward!" During the past two centuries terrific wars have encumbered the earth. Yet along with them the peoples of the earth have been drawn closer together by trade, colonial expansion, travel, a thousand forms of fraternization, vicarious contributions on the part of strong Christian peoples in the way of an immortal literature, a host of heroic souls and millions of dollars. Can it be that we are losing sight of the goal toward which our fathers in the days of their weakness trod heavily on? Again, God forbid!

VI

THE PATIENCE OF FAITH

PATIENCE, and again patience, and again patience! Christianity came down the ages hand in hand with social deformities, with the ugly, the diseased, and enslaved members of the social order, if what evoked the pity of saints, but what saints could not cure, could be styled part of any "social order." The laws of the Church were shaped in expectation of a better social condition; yet the goal kept vanishing far in the distant future, and men joined with their vague trust in the divine medicaments a somber discontent with the fraction they had accomplished, and dragged their feet wearily forward.

To this are we come; we have reached the

conviction that "Christianity is not a finished product; it is a life of tendency and aspiration." So for the time being we are content to carry a sort of anomalous freightage wherewith to serve the day after tomorrow; for the present, at least, we march with soldiers burdened with their frightful paraphernalia of war and also with saints in whose hands are borne the symbols of our sacrifice, our peace, and our triumph—the cross, the olive branch, and the palm. It is hopeless to Christianize war. We may not immediately gain a complete victory, but the partial triumphs that now and then fall to our lot point to the perfect triumph toward which we press.

But hold. Have men become so accustomed to the postponement of the Day of the Kingdom that the successive adjournments of the final triumph have bred in the mind of the Church a sort of apathy, if not despair, of the final consummation? What

hope have we now that earlier days did not, could not have? How is it possible for us to discover even as much prospect of victory as other days clung to, when now the overhanging skies are at their blackest? Can the world, seemingly at its worst, when with the most reckless inconsistency it encourages in the same breath and on the same soil the red cross of angels of mercy and the shrieking delirium of rapid firing guns; can such a world justify its faith, its love, its hope, its reason and its claim to the crown of common sense which has in the main marked man from the brutes below him, if it willfully orders hell when heaven "may be had for the asking"?

For men to keep on believing when every reason for doubting flames with each rising sun, is to propose a change in our title, and an erasure of the "versus" and the substitution of "with" as the linking word. Was it not Lincoln who flung out his under-

lying reason for expectation that there must be some time an end to slavery because of the impossibility of a conjoint life of freedom and slavery in the same free government? And did his reason not win out? "Not Half Slave and Half Free." Plain common sense, eternal justice, humanity, God—all are agreed upon the divorce.

In one respect the gloom shows a tendency to lighten. We are not so absorbingly striving to save individuals to the neglect of society as in past centuries. The fathers saw their chief duty in the salvation of some select individuals from the welter by which the Church was environed. Getting persons to heaven consumed the passionate energy of the saints. Getting heaven down among men, in their thinking, their traffic, their art, their government, their reconstitution of all the relations of social order, was either an impossibility or a strain upon strength and obligation easily yielding to the

opiate of doubt or the "half-free, half-slave" creed of most Christians.

Too profoundly immersed in such a faith and such a feeling were the older missionary programs. But of late years we have welcomed a new and a wise missionary plan for capturing the world. We have placed increasing emphasis upon not only the man, but upon the man and the mass. The Church is falling heir to all the speculations, the conclusions, the programs which administrators and statesmen have found necessary for the better handling of their vast material.

Militarism anticipated the Church in its use, not merely of the individual but of the individual and his fellow. Nor has the former force surrendered its policy whereby it seeks to train the peaceful citizen into an obedient soldier; for, it still leads in its use of men in companies, in vast armies, animated by one ruling mind. Kipling's line

sets forth its policy, its maxim, its creed: "The strength of the wolf is the pack; the strength of the pack is the wolf."

To the Church has come somewhat late in the day the commanding call of our day: Transform the one man for this world and also the next. Transform society for this world. Of course the second call was heard and in a way was heeded in the first manifestation of the gospel, yet more as a latent energy than as a clearly defined discipline and creed. The Church lifts her eye to the word of the age, and recalls the principle of the Master: "This ought ye to have done, and not have left the other undone."

With these two arms we must embrace the world. Present-day strategy is steadily stirring its whole long frontier line to do what it has never done in the past. Who of the thousands who listened in intense quiet, alternating with tremendous applause, to the address of President Wilson before

the Federation of American Churches in Columbus, Ohio, in December, 1915, can forget his impressive statement of the distinction between the two kinds of duties laid upon the Christian Church? Individual lives have been transformed without question by the power of Christianity. "It is the only force in the world that I have ever heard of that does actually transform life. And the proof of that transformation is to be found all over the Christian world, and is multiplied and repeated as Christianity gains fresh territory in the heathen world. . . . I am hoping that the outcome of this conference and all that we say and do about this important matter may be to remind the Church that it is put into the world, not only to save the individual soul, but to save society also . . . because you have got to save it in this world, not in the next. . . . We have nothing to do with society in the next world. We may have something to do

with the individual soul in the next world by getting it started for the next world, but we have nothing to do with the organization of society in the next world."

Militarism with its coarse interpretation of history has had right of way both for record and prediction. Yet we cannot rid our minds of the belief that we are slowly emerging into an era of missions with its benign interpretation of history—the only power qualified to supplant its hoary antagonist. This hope of a more beneficent supremacy than our fathers knew, of a surer peace, of saner fellowship, and of a safer social order in which might shall become the guarantee of international order and justice —this ought not to be beyond reason. Predictions of the good should be as well received as those of the bad. Right must have as fair a goal as might. Conservatism is not to laugh out of face the ongoing energy of life. The incredibles of yesterday are

in command of the middle of the road today, and evermore the "old order changeth, giving place to new."

Innumerable illustrations of a later age rising in its mass movement to accept as firm pillars of its progress the vague and useless and even stupid speculations of an age gone by, dimly held by a few souls, rise to our call. Where would one look with less hope of finding one than in the impossible Rasselas of Samuel Johnson? Yet there is the picture of an eager mechanic in argument with the Prince trying to convince him that man would rival the swooping birds overhead in the use of a flying machine. How significant to us now is his talk! "He would survey with equal security the marts of trade, and the fields of battle." Though the hopeful "artist" failed, a later day could not prevent the Wright brothers of Dayton, Ohio, from translating the fanciful dream of the eighteenth century into most service-

able, fascinating, daring exploits over every European battlefield from the flats of Belgium to the fastnesses of the Balkans.

What is true in the realm of physics is none the less true in the realm of the ideal, of moral conduct, of social order, of political programs. Statesmen no longer nor in such numbers sink to the level of the average moral pauper in Parliament who scoffed at the lofty idealism of Edmund Burke. His supporters were too venal. The standards of the lofty idealist were too splendid for their coarser souls. They withdrew their suffrage. The world cannot be grateful enough, for Burke used the opportunity in his defense of his attitude like a prophet of the olden time. Like himself, he lifted the immediate question into a higher sphere of moral contemplation, and based it upon so universal a principle, that men who could not or would not heed its appeal have been silenced and shamed. What were the

charges? "That I have pushed the principles of general justice and benevolence too far." And his reply? "In every accident which may happen through life, in pain, in sorrow, in depression, and distress—*I will call to mind this accusation and be comforted.*"

So mounts the path, and as an ignoble age surrenders its control of the path to a successor with happier skill in solving the hard riddles of time, and braver strokes in driving off the petty or powerful devils which encumber the road, combined with the patience of faith which toils through the "thousand years as one day," it dawns upon men that the vision of the few in a dark age is the prophecy which a new day frames into a great reality.

The January, 1916, number of International Review of Missions sums up our hope thus: "Nothing that has happened, or that can happen, can alter in any way the will of God for the Evangelization of the world."

THE PEACE PROGRAM

Though we discern little of its definite features, we are sure of a few peaks in its lofty sky line.

When the whole body of Christians learns to emphasize the essentials of a common faith;

When the Home Church unites with the Foreign Church in common consecration of powers to service;

When the various branches agree to divide up somewhat fairly, as has been attempted, the whole world, more thoroughly, more immediately;

When Christians, the world over, engage in a vast mobilization of the "one army of the Living God" for triumph;

When their munitions of holy warfare

shall leap to millions upon millions, fivefold, tenfold beyond the sums of a decade ago;

Further: when we shall have learned that preparedness and alliances lead to war; and that love alone will not put a quietus upon militarism; and that nations differ unevenly in their relation to moral appeals; and that some form of central force with its court of arbitration is needed, backed by a world-wide public opinion, and not the authority of autocracy, but the supreme law resting upon the people's will which the strongest nation must respect—

Then will come World-Peace.

"War in men's eyes shall be
A monster of iniquity
In the good time coming.
Nations shall not quarrel then,
To prove which is the stronger;
Nor slaughter men for glory's sake—
Wait a little longer."

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